

VOL. LI. No. 1301.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, February 5th, 1902.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

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Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



A CAPITOL NUISANCE.

How Long Shall the Senseless Hand-Shaking Custom take Our Busiest Citizen from His Real Duties?



THE LIMIT.

JOHNNY.—Dat wuz tough luck on poor Chimmy. He bruk troo de ice where de water wuz forty feet deep, and —

PATSY.—Drowned?

JOHNNY.—Worser dan dat! He lost one o' his skates and got licked when he got home!

A ROMANCE OF THE TROPICS.

HERE WAS a soft light in the dark eyes of the beautiful South American as she toyed with her fan and listened to the burning words of the man with the fierce moustachios.

"Hear me, Inez!" he cried, passionately. "I love you! The moment I saw you something told me you must be mine! Say you will be my bride. —

But, hark! I hear a noise in the street! It must be a revolution! Pardon, my adored one, and be patient!

When we have overthrown the government I shall return!"

She tapped her small foot impatiently, but he was gone. In nineteen minutes he was back, his head erect, his eye beaming, his moustachios more fiercely twisted than ever.

"It is done!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "It was a hot fight and, at one time, I thought somebody might be hurt. But it is finished. The tyrant is deposed. Liberty triumphs! And now, once more, to thoughts of love! Inez, my own, my — Caramba! What means that bugle call? Can it be that the new government is already attacked? It must be so! Farewell, fairest and dearest; we part, but we shall meet again! I go to attack or to defend the government as the case may be!"

During his absence, which lasted fully fifteen minutes, she was nervous and impatient. He returned at last, again triumphant.

"Adored one," he said, "the revolution was a great success.

It appears that the recently inaugurated President basely betrayed the cause of Liberty, but he has paid the penalty. Once more we enter upon an era of peace and prosperity. And once more, Inez — But, hold!"

He suddenly looked at his watch.

"It is the hour!" he exclaimed. "I have an appointment to hatch a conspiracy! Wait, Inez, until the conspiracy is hatched and I shall return to claim my bride!"

Once more he disappeared.

He returned in eleven minutes, but he was late. The fair Inez had eloped with a man who was not so busy.

END OF THE WAR.

Finally, the patience of the nation being exhausted, recourse was had to extreme measures.

English plum puddings with brandy sauce were issued as rations to the soldiers in the field.

In the natural course of events these were captured by the Boers, who ate them, got the livers and shot themselves.

The British public ought to have been ashamed to have such cruelties practiced in their name, and doubtless would have been had not Mr. W. T. Stead got out a vigorous pamphlet denouncing the whole business.



A SPECIAL CASE.

MR. FIG.—What are your rates on the American plan?

THE CLERK.—Five d—er—that is—excuse me a moment, I'll have to speak to the manager!



HE COULD NOT TELL.

"Doth not everybody in the village know thee for a good-for-nothing?"

"I—I know not, wife. They do not speak their minds to me as freely as thou dost."

MORE THAN ONE.

HENRIQUES.—I hear that a stork visited your house last night.
NEWLYBLESSED (*tragically*).—Storks!



TOO PREVIOUS.

THE SUBJECT (*after the sitting*).—I had n't sat for a picture before in ten years, don't you know, and I'm deuced glad the worst is over.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER (*innocently enough*).—But you have n't seen the negative yet!

HIS ULTIMATUM:

The Postmaster-General recently received the following communication, which is believed to explain itself:

YAM HILL, Arkansaw,

..... 190—

Dear Sir:—I take my pen in hand to let you know that this yere post-office will be closed tighter 'n wax all day next Thursday while I'm gone squir'l huntin'. Squir'l's are finer than frog-hair now, and nobody in this community has got anything better to do than wait for their mail. You can fire me if you want to, but I'm yere to warn you that I'm the only dam-fool in this neighborhood that can read and write and ain't got no better sense than to take the office which only pays the mizzable stighpend of sixty-four dollars per year. No more at present from

Yours truly,

J. P. N. HORNBACK.

LEST SHE FORGET.

EDITH.—If you once know how to skate you never forget.

ETHEL.—Yes! But, all the same, I like a good-looking young man to remind me occasionally.

THE PROBABILITY is that men were just as big fools before there was any such thing as underwear of different weights.

IF THE flesh were not weak and the spirit strong, there could not possibly be such a variety in corset shapes as we see from year to year.



"Your shell-like ears, have they been pierced?"
I ask'd with kind intent.
"No; only bored," the maid replied.
I wonder what she meant.

PUCK

THE MORGENTHAUERBURG INSTITUTE ENTERS PRACTICAL POLITICS.



THE FACULTY of the great Morgenthauerburg Institute of Sociology had emerged from the seclusion of academic discussion of sociological problems, into the field of actual politics. Ever since the establishment of this renowned post-graduate institution upon the John Charles Henry Williamson foundation, its faculty had studied every possible sociological problem from every possible point of view and the results of their studies had appeared in divers reviews and sociological journals, where they were devoured with avidity by scores of professors and students of sociology everywhere.

But when Dr. Charles Ephrosatus Raynebeaser assumed the presidency of the institute, he announced that it was high time for the school to take on a more practical phase, and, abandoning the mere academic discussion of theories, struggle to have them put into actual use.

The doctor was a faddist — what sociologist is not? — and for years he had meditated upon the problem of the treatment of the defective classes, the mutes, the imbeciles, the degenerates and criminals, and the best methods of preventing them from perpetuating their defects as a sad heritage to their descendants. The doctor was a disciple of the doctrine that for the benefit of the whole race, the defectives should not be allowed to perpetuate themselves. To attain this desirable end, there was but one effectual way, the most radical: — not segregation, but death.

"True, some sadness is occasioned by the initial movement of the eradication from the race of the taint, the execution of the defective," said the doctor, "but think what it means. It saves the sorrow of the individual descendant himself, it saves the sorrow of his friends, it saves money to the State.

It was the first experience in practical politics that the Morgenthauerburg faculty had ever had. They had criticised politics, they had built ideal systems of politics, but when they were about to launch their programme, they found they did not know how to do it at all; so they resorted for aid to the Hon. James McGann, Chairman of the State Central Committee of the Republicrat Party.

"You came to the right folks," said the Hon. James. "This plan calls for cutting down expenses. Our crowd is great on that. Anything that promises economy takes with the people just now. Economy, economy, is the cry, and we've been wondering what we could offer 'em. Your plan seems to be a good thing. I think it'll take. I'll bring it before the Central Committee and I think we'll vote to offer it to the nominating convention for insertion in the party platform. It would have been no use for you to have offered it to the other party. They're too conservative and old-fashioned. But we're radical and progressive and right in for such things."

After this interview, the Morgenthauerburg faculty found itself in the whirl of politics. They sometimes demurred at the methods of the Hon. James McGann, but early appreciating the fact that to gain the ultimate good they must tolerate some present evil, they made the best of the situation.

"Now, there's Jerry Donahue. We want him fixed," said Mr. McGann. "He has a big pull with the Central Committee and will have lots of influence with

the convention. He controls a whopping big vote down in the tough end of Milwaugo and is one of the boys, and no mistake."

When Dr. Raynebeaser laid eyes on Mr. Donahue and learned that he had twice been in the penitentiary, he was somewhat disconcerted, for this brute, physically powerful, but with all the signs of mental degeneracy in his plug ugly face, was as promising a subject for execution under the proposed law as he had ever contemplated. And so were Messrs. Flynn, Coughlin, Burke and Donnelly, henchmen whom Mr. Donahue called into the back room of his saloon, where they met and discussed ways and means with Dr. Raynebeaser.

"In order to properly carry out the law," said the doctor after he had read the bill and voluminously explained its bearings to the stolid array of gorilla faces before him, "I had thought that it would be best to create a special commission to attend to it.

Judges are subject to local conditions which would tend to prevent them from thoroughly carrying out a law which might operate to the sorrow of their friends and neighbors. We want a state-wide committee which, hampered by no ideas of

DINNER
25¢.
69 1/2 23037



COULD N'T SAY.

"I wonder what kind of a dinner you get."
"I dunno, Mister. I don't dine there meself, becuz the dinner don't include wine."

false humanitarianism, and which knowing the cases brought before it only in an impersonal way, can act for the best interests of the commonwealth and posterity, uninfluenced by any mistaken sympathy for the present and temporary sorrow of the relatives of the defectives. A clause providing for this commission will be inserted in the bill. They are to be appointed by the governor. They must be strong, resolute men, unwavering and determined, say eight in number. They will sit in session at the capital, consider the cases of defectives and pass sentence upon them. As I said, this commission must be of picked men. I am not one who believes that unusual ability should be given the public free. Men of high quality are attracted and stimulated by high rewards. This commission should be paid. I believe that they ought not to receive less than two thousand dollars and expenses per year."

"I am in favor of the bill," said Mr. Donahue, Mr. Flynn, Mr. Coughlin, Mr. Burke and Mr. Donnelly.

The Republicrats swept the State. The Hon. Samuel Ramerton was seated with great pomp in the gubernatorial chair at Springville. The Raynebeaser law had been the principal feature of the party platform and the legislature promptly passed it. Immediately upon its passage, the governor sent for its erudite author.



IN THE NURSERY.

MAIDEN AUNT. — Yes, child. I have had love affairs. I have quaffed the nectar of love — in my youth.

NIECE LUCILLE. — But, I say, Auntie, was n't it a long time between drinks?

PUCK



AN INQUIRY.

SAM.—Dere 's an article here on de foreign policy—

PETE.—What do dat mean? De kind dey play on de odder side?

"Do you know," said he, beaming upon the doctor, "your bill pulled us through. The idea of economy expressed in it, pleased the people. No asylums to keep up, the final abolition of penitentiaries, it took. That made us win. I thank you. I am deeply grateful to you. By the way, you would probably like to know whom I have appointed on the commission. Let me call in the chairman, Mr. Lenox Buxby, attorney-at-law."

Dr. Raynebeaser half started from his chair when his eyes fell upon the individual who came into the private office from the outer room with the messenger. He was a powerfully built, but loosely hung man of medium size. Great arms with hairy wrists protruding beneath his cuffs, hung far down his frame from an abnormally broad pair of shoulders. A long gash of a mouth stretched across the wide lower part of a head that narrowed unpleasantly above the great pouch-like cheeks. Little black beads of eyes, shifty and cunning, but with that fullness beneath them which betokens fluency of speech, a Mongolian nose, an enormous chin, and enormous ears projecting straight out from a shock of bristly, low-growing black hair, completed the front view of Mr. Lenox Buxby. Dr. Raynebeaser shuddered.

"Just the man for the place!" said the governor, when Buxby had retired. "He won't be afraid to pass sentence of death, or even to put it into execution. In fact, he was in the pen on a sentence of ten years, and they let him out in five, because he did the hanging. Here are the names of the rest of the committee."

The doctor's weak eyes winked rapidly as he read: "Jeremiah Donahue, Terence L. Flynn, Patrick G. Coughlin, Timothy S. Burke, Matthias Kauwenhoven, Casimir Lapinski and Wenceslas Nowacek." Not a single professor in the Morgenthalerburg faculty. A commission, the members of which were degenerates themselves and subjects for the operation of the law. He gasped. Inarticulately, but unmistakably, he expressed his disappointment and disgust.

"What's the matter with that commission?" asked the governor in a hard voice, looking at the doctor with a hard eye. "They're all fearless fellows. Besides, Donahue and his gang demanded the places before election. They carried Milwaukee for us. The other fellows are butchers who did work for us in other parts of the State. You wanted men of resolution, and who would n't

hesitate for maudlin sympathy, and you've got 'em and I'd like to know what you are kicking about."

"Did I and the other Morgenthalerburg professors do nothing to elect you? Did we deserve no consideration? I shall, with the assistance of the rest of the faculty, air this thoroughly in the reviews and in the press of the State, and if you are renominated or re-elected, I am very much mistaken."

The commission was convened by order of the governor that afternoon. Mr. Lenox Buxby arose with a roll of paper in his hands.

"This defective law is a good one. Look at us, powerful of limb and lung, sound of digestion. I could eat a door knob and never feel it. Of such stuff as us, this world ought to be made. But these little weak-kneed Johnnies, with weak eyes, weak stomachs, and all that, what right have they to be perpetuating their weakness by having unfortunate children? I say they have n't any. Ain't that so, Mr. Kauwenhoven?"

"You bet you!" said Mr. Kauwenhoven emphatically.

"Look at them weak, half-blind, near-sighted, dyspeptic runts of fellers on the faculty of the Morgenthalerburg Institute of Sociology. What right have such cusses as that to perpetuate their weakness in a line of unhappy descendants?"

"They ain't got any!" said Mr. Wenceslas Nowacek.

"I move you, Mr. Bresident," said Mr. Kauwenhoven, "dot der gommission recommend for execution der body of defectives known as der faculty of der Morgenthalerburg Institute of Sociology."

"Second the motion," said Mr. Jeremiah Donahue. Whereupon the motion was put and carried unanimously. But before the sentence of execution was ordered to be sent out, the commission betook itself to the task of making out their expense accounts and vouchers for salaries, and, being gentlemen more handy with other things than the pen, in some manner news of their action found a way to reach the faculty of the Morgenthalerburg Institute of Sociology in time to allow that august body to fly the State before the minions of the law could seize their persons. After that, the commission, for reasons known to its members and to his excellency the governor, failed to meet again, and the great public, used to the slumping out of reforms mooted before elections, speedily forgot it.

Wardon Allan Curtis.

PUCK



AFTER THE MUSEUM BUSTED.

THE GIANT.—So the Dog-Faced Boy got a job?
THE DWARF.—Yes; he's barking for a clothing store.



THE CURÉ'S NIECE.

SINCE GASTON kissed and rode away
Babbette sits weeping all the day,
And goes no more to fête or fair
Who one time was the gayest there.
The curé says, and so say I,
"Love is a sorry thing to try."
"My niece," says he, "hath too much wit
Ever to give a thought to it."
"O Uncle! Yea!" I cry.

Wherefore I treat the lads with scorn —
I toss my curls at maids forlorn.
Still, one May night, I chanced to see
Where Jean went walking with Marie,
And suddenly he bent — and, Oh!
My cheek was red as hers, I know!
It did not seem so *wrong*, and yet
How sad she is, that poor Babbette!
And Uncle says, and so say I,
"Love is a sorry thing to try."

But Easter, when I went to mass,
The miller's Rouel watched me pass
With such black eyes — I laughed, and then —
I know not why — I looked again;
And when Marie and Jean came by
I felt so *sad* — I wonder why?
And last night in the garden he —
(Saints! Had the curé chanced to see!)
"My niece," says he, "hath too much wit
Ever to give a thought to it."
"O Uncle! Yea!" I cry.

Theodosia Garrison.

STATESMEN are by no means always
diplomats. Steering the ship of state
and steering bunco are quite different things.

IT TAKES rich people to make a church these days.
In other words, the vineyard need be protected by a strong
cougher-dam, as it were, to keep out the flood of infidelity.

AN IMPORTANT QUALIFICATION.

FIRST BURGLAR.—What did yer take that brickybrac for?
"T ain't no good!

SECOND BURGLAR.—"T ain't?

FIRST BURGLAR.—Naw. I tell yer, Jimmy, if yer wanten
make a fust-class success in dis business yer got to know somethin'
about Art!

CARELESS GEORGE.

GEORGIANA.—George, Pa says that I
can't marry you because you don't wear
overshoes.

GEORGE.—Overshoes! What have
they got to do with it?

GEORGIANA.—Why, George, Pa says
if a man has n't got sense enough to take
good care of himself he won't have sense
enough to take good care of me!

BEWARE THE COCKTAIL.

The Cocktail is a subtle beast;
It's apt to take you unaware.
Too many ta'en before the feast
Make you forget the feast is there.

NO THIRTEEN FOR HIM.

GUEST FROM THE CITY (*dining with
the Isolates*).—Are you —er— delicate
about having thirteen at the table?

MR. ISOLATE (*of Lonelyville, gasping*).—
"Delicate?" Heavens, yes! If we invited
more than two or three guests to dinner at one
time we'd lose our cook!

THE USES of Adversity are never so sweet as
when we are able to draw moral deductions from the misfortunes
of someone else.

GRATITUDE may or may not be a lively expectation of favors to come,
but that theory goes far to explain why some folks have n't any.



THE IDEA!

MADGE.—Can't I help you carry it?

JACK.—Do you want people to think we're married?

PUCK

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Cor. Houston and Elm Sts.,
New York.

Wednesday, February 5, 1902.—No. 1304.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PRESIDENT'S BURDENS. EX-SENATOR CHANDLER has been writing about the inconvenience our Presidents have to endure from the endless stream of callers who conceive that "seeing the President" is one of their most sacred constitutional rights. Mr. Chandler attacks the tradition that a President is bound to see every man who seeks him, and he also urges an abatement of the "public reception" nuisance. His remarks are eminently sensible. In the course of an interesting public career Mr. Chandler has made other remarks to which a conscientious realist might hesitate to apply this description. But no one will question his common sense in this issue. "A President in a four-years' term," says Mr. Chandler, "is expected to pursue three objects: 1. Receive 20,000 callers; 2. Do 2,000 little things; 3. Try to do 200 great things." The result is, as this close observer of many administrations points out, that our Presidents waste upon the twenty thousand callers and the two thousand little things the vitality that ought to be saved for the two hundred great things; their physical and mental powers are thus depleted and the great things are slighted. Mr. Chandler further points out very aptly that the present occupant of the White House is qualified to inaugurate the change he urges in the President's routine, since he is known to be a man of the people,—one whose democracy has been so well attested that no charge of unsympathetic exclusiveness would lie against him. Our President undoubtedly has greater responsibilities and a larger mass of business to dispose of than any of our busiest administrators in the commercial world. That, in spite of this, he should be at the beck of office-seekers and the hordes of merely curious citizens that throng the White House corridors is not as it should be.

THE LATEST ABDICATION. MR. CROKER has recited another tearful farewell over the black coffee of a testimonial banquet. This is the third occasion, we believe, on which he has wept aside the leadership of Tammany, and left us with profuse beseechings of our confidence for his successor. Mr. Lewis Nixon is the man upon whom he this time confers his prestige and the mysterious offices of Tammany leadership. Mr. Nixon is an able builder of ships, with a taste for municipal politics. Whether his talent equals his taste remains to be proved by him. The impression prevails, however, that Mr. Croker's farewell should be taken in its Adelina Patti sense; and that he will come back to lead Tammany the moment Tammany becomes again worth leading. Until that time Mr. Nixon will probably make an excellent leader, as he has means of his own.

SOME NEEDED ANTI-TRUST LEGISLATION. THE impracticability of our anti-Trust legislation has become apparent to nearly every one. There are, however, two species of it that not only can be made practicable but that are needed. Neither strikes at the right to combine, which is invulnerable outside of an absolute monarchy. But both strike at unfair privileges now enjoyed by many of the Trusts. The first would deal with Trusts as the beneficiaries of Protection. So long as the products of certain Trusts are under the protection of tariff-schedules that produce no revenue, and whose only effect is to permit the combines to charge the home-consumer exorbitant prices, there will be good ground for much of the current denunciation of Trusts. Not until the tariff-protected Trust has been abolished can the rights of the unprotected Trust be intelligently debated. The second species would compel every Trust to take off the mask of secrecy that enables so many of them to deceive confiding investors. The

Trust has a right to no special privilege of secrecy not enjoyed by the ordinary business corporation. Enforced publicity, as to its stock, its income, expenditures and output of product, would protect the multitude of small outside investors. These are now, in many instances, allured by the very secrecy under which the inside manipulators perpetrate their deadly raids on small holdings. The late panic in Amalgamated Copper is a case in point. Had the secrets of the Amalgamated Company been known to the small holders thousands of them would have been saved from distress. The removal of tariff-protection from Trust products, already produced more cheaply here than elsewhere, and the passage of a law to enforce publicity, would go very far toward solving the Trust problem.

TO LICENSE ACTORS. ASSEMBLYMAN AHEARN has introduced at Albany a bill aiming to purify and reinvigorate our decadent drama. At least Mr. Ahearn declares the drama is decadent; and he believes the remedy lies in requiring actors to take out licenses, like pushcart-peddlers, chiropodists, dogs, etc. Under the inspection of a board of censors he thinks that all but competent histrions would be denied a license, and that a defenceless public would thus be saved from many inflections now put upon it. The high-salaried leading gentlemen, the seasoned *ingenue*, the "comedy-sketch team," the incongruous "brothers" who play very badly upon twelve musical instruments, and the hardy person who submits to having boulders shattered on his chest with a sledge hammer,—all would be required to pass an examination held by the licensing board. Many of those, doubtless, who now tread or dance the boards unmolested would thereafter be compelled to earn a livelihood in occupations for which Nature more pointedly intended them. If the time and place were more confidential we, ourselves, would reveal the names of a few actors who could make this a better world by driving ice wagons or helping around in shipyards. But, engaging as Mr. Ahearn's bill is at first glance, we fear the reform he contemplates is impracticable. Even supposing the appointment of an ideal board of censors who could really tell good actors from bad, the fact remains that a large part of the theatre-going public would rather see the bad actors than the good, any night. If licenses were denied the bad ones, it would probably result only in one more side-door nuisance. And, since the supposition of an ideal licensing board is in itself rather wild, it seems as if the entire public had better be let to continue censoring for itself at the box-office.



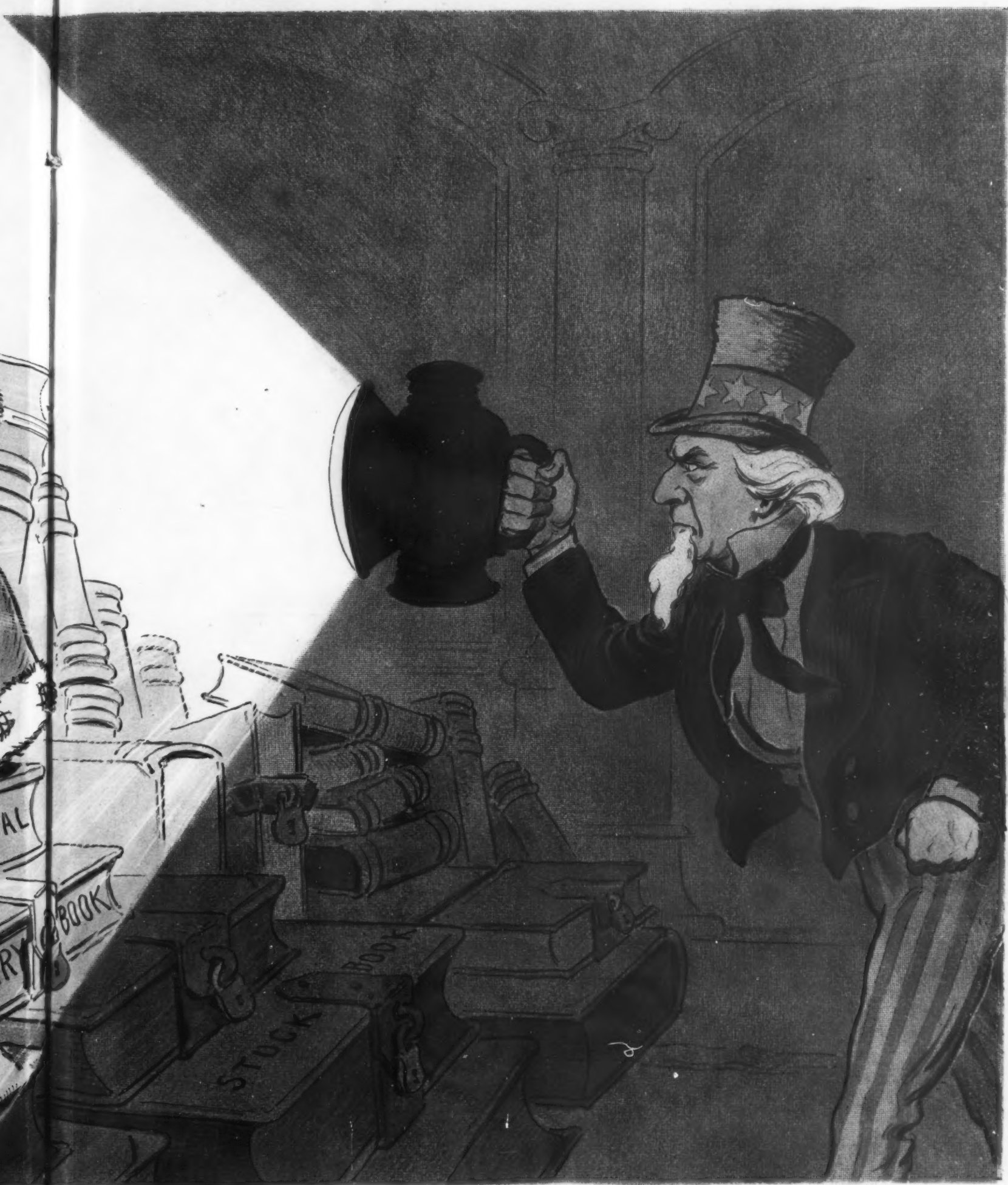
A WARNING.

MOTHER FISH.—My dears, the Angle-worm, as a rule, is good to eat only up to here—the rest being extremely bony and frequently causing fatal attacks of indigestion!



THE KIND OF ANTI-TRUST LEGISLA

UNCLE SAM.—You're a powerful big man, and you have your us
dark?—Open up those books!



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

T LEGISLATION THAT IS NEEDED.

you have your uses. But if you 're honest why do you hide in the

PUCK

"SNATCHING HIM BALDHEADED."



COL. APPLEJACK.—Now, for a good, long afternoon snooze!



"———!"



"———!"

PROGRESS.

HIS FRIEND.—Are you writing a historical novel?

THE LITERARY CUSS.—Don't say a word. I'm writing a prehistorical novel!

NATURALLY.

NEARPASS.—The curfew laws were very unpopular—

BENNET.—Of course—made so by the elocutionists.



"———!"



"Great heavens! I must have slept about a thousand years longer than Rip Van Winkle did!"

WOMAN.

Man wants but little here below;
But Woman—wants it all, you know.

ROSES.

Laura sank dejectedly into the capacious cushions of the divan.

"I am disappointed in the higher, freer life!" she exclaimed. "I find that it involves something more,

after all, than merely neglecting one's babies and reading papers before one's clubs!"

"Of course it is not all roses!" said Millicent.

A SUBSTITUTE.

FRIEND.—Got any defense?

CRIMINAL.—No; but I've got a first-class lawyer.

HER RAGLAN COAT.



THINK perhaps you've read the tender sonnet
Inspired by her gown of old brocade,
The ballade that I wrote anent her bonnet,—
In both poetic genius I displayed!
But these two subjects seemed to song inspire,
While jarring and discordant is the note
That rings when I attempt to twang the lyre
In praise of Araminta's raglan coat.

I think I've rhymed the beauties and the graces
Of morning gowns, and dresses trimmed with tulle,
I've framed a villanelle on filmy laces,
According to the old poetic rule;
I well recall the triolets unnumbered
Unto her slippers I have dared devote;
But Pegasus objects to being cumbered
With aught of Araminta's raglan coat.

I've written rondelays, with joy unstinted,
Of all that to a woman's dress pertains;
To fluff and fur some clever rhymes I've minted,
E'en imitating Omar's sweet quatrains;
But words refuse to group themselves in jingles,
I can not frame the phrases learned by rote,
For, dullest prose too much with verse commingles
To sing of Araminta's raglan coat!

Roy Farrell Greene.

IN A. D. 1905.

FIRST AUTOMOBILE GIRL.—Why do they have a wooden Indian outside of a cigar store?

SECOND AUTOMOBILE GIRL.—I give it up! Why do they have a wooden horse outside a leather goods store?

THERE WOULD be a great deal more kicking in this world if some people were not too lazy to do it.

TWO CIRCUMSTANCES may operate to keep a man in office: The man may be a very good man, or the office may be a very poor office.



NEARLY BROKE.

SHE.—My! How obsequious! They evidently know that we're on our honeymoon.

HE.—But not that we're on the return trip!

PUCK

WOMAN.

THIS is the Age of Woman. Woman has existed for several ages, but in the present age she *is*—It! She is emancipated—freed from the galling bonds of male-created conventionalism—moving in the glorious dawn of the Ideal up toward the shining heights of the *ne plus ultra*. When she gets there she will stop and breathe awhile.

Man, whose low cunning has so long barred the path of Woman's progress, is to-day paying the just penalty for his crime. He suffers—suffers as he ought to.

Look at him—the once puffed-up, self-appointed lord of creation! How has he shrunk! A time there was when Woman talked only on sufferance—with apologetic diffidence—on such high themes as Reciprocity, Sub-conscious Ideation, the Socialistic Paradox, Telepathic Polarity and—other things. With what servile meekness does he now listen to his wife—Woman!—when from her club returned, still flushed with the excitement of resonant debate, she enlightens his twilight understanding on the subjects of trust legislation, esoteric Christianity, the underlying causes of the rag-time music craze, and the proper antidote to the Saphodrama. Mark his cringing acquiescence, his spontaneous "Yes! Yes!" as he feebly strives to grasp his wife's—Woman's—subtleties of thought.

Look at him again as he stands before the haughty saleslady—Woman!—and implores her to permit him to purchase a tie that seems to suit him. Seems—to him! Bah! He is only too glad to take what she gives him, glad to escape from the chilling aloofness, the keen-edged, delicate, rapt-like sarcasm, the unnerving Independence of the Twentieth Century Saleslady!

And so it is everywhere. This is the age—not of trusts, not of steam or electricity, not of automobiles or evolutionary transcendentalism—it is the age of Woman!

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is the age when Woman reigns
And gives her subjects nameless pains?"

Robert Easton.



INCONGRUOUS.

The Coach Horse regarded the Ash Wagon Horse with disdain. "If I'm not mistaken," sneered the Coach Horse, "that is the party I saw last Summer wearing a high hat with business shoes!"

RUSE.

The man came nearer and whispered. "Your wife," he said, "has just been arrested for shoplifting." "Outrageous!" exclaimed the citizen. "She's easily a kleptomaniac! Why, I'm worth a million if I'm worth a cent!" But imagine his chagrin upon discovering later that his wife had not been arrested at all; that the man was an assessor and his story a ruse.

A POLITICIAN, in the opinion of many a disgusted constituent, may be defined as a man who won't do anything for you.



WHY THEY SPEAK NO MORE.

MRS. CONLEY — Th' darlint! Nawthin' amuses th' kid so much as Moike's galways.

MRS. KELLY (the caller).—Bedad! It ain't often wan sees sich a kane sinse av humor in a choild thot young!

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

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Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

Great Gift.
That's what we consider our ability to make such a machine as the **Prairie State Incubator.**
The people who have used it think the same. The U. S. Department of Agriculture thinks the same. The Judges at 342 shows have thought the same. Everybody thinks so. Our new catalogue No. 167, with fifty tinted plates, four original paintings and 700 half tone illustrations, sent absolutely free. Write before they are all gone.
Prairie State Incb. Co., Homer City, Pa.
Largest Incubator and Brooder Factory in the World.

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All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell the famous English complexion soap. Established 1789.

Sold all over the world.

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FOR RELIEF OF
HOARSENESS & THROAT AFFECTIONS.
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(No rank smell nor taste, so frequent in some brands of Olive Oil)
Guaranteed Pure Oil of Olives only
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LEGHORN, ITALY

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

MYSTERY GOING AND COMING.

PAULINE.—Just think of the awful things we know about people whom we don't know.

EMELINE.—Yes; is n't it wonderful? And just think what the people whom we don't know may know about us!—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN you consider the chances a boy takes, it is a wonder that any of them live to vote.—*Atchison Globe.*

REDD.—No, he does n't wear anything but an ordinary business suit when he goes on the links.

GREENE.—How in the world, then, do they know he's playing golf?—*Yonkers Statesman.*



SHE WAS SURPRISED.

"Hi am not haccustomed to himpertinence from cooks!"

"Are ye not? Sure, they told me ye had some ixperience as a butler!"

Vigorous energy, follows closely upon the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get them from your druggist or grocer. Refuse substitutes.

Forty years in the market, still booming with greater sales than ever. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.*

COMPARISON.

"Do you regard foot-ball as a dangerous game?"

"Nope," answered Bronco Bob. "T ain't as dangerous as poker. As I understand the rules, shootin' irons is barred in foot-ball."—*Washington Star.*

SURE TO FAIL.

HICKS.—There's a friend of mine, a hustling young Italian, who is thinking of opening a high-class restaurant in Chicago, making a specialty of Italian dishes.

WICKS.—I'm afraid it would n't be a "go." It's almost impossible to eat spaghetti with a knife.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"WE ARE going to have a smoker at the Lawyers' Club, and I want you to come and give us something to make us laugh," said the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

"All right," said the professional humorist; "get one of your rich members to bring his last will and testament, and I'll read it for you."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN hard times come again, there will be one consolation: a lot of bum shows will burst.—*Atchison Globe.*

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—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1890.*

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A partner in our business selects our materials; another has charge of the brewing. The men who built the reputation of Schlitz Beer, personally protect it. The owners of the business see that all Schlitz Beer is pure.

POOR BEER

Means poor materials, for there's a chance for great saving there.

Cleanliness isn't expected in it, so there's economy there.

Purity isn't even claimed. And when age isn't made essential, you get a green beer—a beer that ferments on your stomach, causing biliousness.

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Must be brewed in absolute cleanliness, and cooled in filtered air.

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That doubles the cost of the brewing, and none but the best materials are ever treated in that expensive way.

One beer costs you about the same as another.

Not so with your dealer. He pays most for the pure beer. He makes most on a poor beer.



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The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

GIRLS.

ISABEL.—I've a lovely compliment for you, Irma.

IRMA.—Oh! What is it?

ISABEL.—Somebody said that I look like you.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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ALLEN'S ANTISEPTIC CORN PLASTER cures corns. To prove it I will mail free plaster to any one. Send name and address—no money.

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BILL.—Old Skinfint says his first dollar was the hardest to get.

JILL.—Yes; and the last is the hardest to give up. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in Puck.

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"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"



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James Smith, who was at one time a well-known and substantial citizen of this country, died yesterday at the County Infirmary of disease incident to old age.

Items such as the above can be seen in the papers almost daily. Yet many such men in their prosperous times could well have afforded an Endowment Policy, which not only protects the family if the assured dies, but also helps to provide for his own old age if he lives.

For cost of an Endowment at your age cut out and mail coupon below.

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Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers.



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"Then you are not the first boy in your class!"

"No; but I know how to get a lot more fun out of going to school than he does!"

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

WHEN a plain woman marries well, how the other women sniff! — *Atchison Globe.*

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The choicest of select grain and thorough maturing is the secret of the purity, the perfection and the excellence of



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It is the only one of its kind and nothing like it.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. W. M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

What is wanted of a cocktail is that it shall be made of the best materials, used in correct proportions. Very few know how to make a cocktail, and fewer use good goods. Only the best goes into

Gold Lion Cocktails

and in correct proportions. Always delicious and the same. Seven varieties.

The Cook and Bernheimer Co., New York

AMOS RUSIE, once famous as the greatest ball-pitcher in the world, is now digging trenches at Muncie at a salary of \$1.50 a day. And is it for this that we send our sons to college? — *Norristown Herald.*



NO WISH TO BE CONSPICUOUS.

"Haw! Haw! He would n't feel half as bad if he could go 'way back before sitting down!"

ABOVE MORTAL COMMENT.

HARRIET.—Cupid is always represented as a poor little urchin without any garments.

HARRY.—Yes; that is done so that he will never go out of style. — *Detroit Free Press.*

THE soundness of a man's preaching does not depend on the amount of sound he makes. — *Ram's Horn.*

THERE is a man in a Cincinnati hospital suffering with a complication of delirium tremens, pneumonia and unrequited love. He is what might be termed a very sick person. — *Washington Post.*

GOLD MEDAL AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. Dr. Sievert's Imported Angostura Bitters. The only Genuine. Avoid domestic substitutes.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN HAVING A LITTLE MONEY, from \$30 upward, earn for you a permanent cash income, bigger every week than a whole year's legal interest upon the same amount? If so, send us your name and address. No speculation or gambling scheme, but legitimate business. First-class references in any part of the United States.

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It's the fad this winter for golfers to go to California. Best train for best travelers is The California Limited, via the Santa Fe.

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

BACON.—That fellow Lipton is like all the rest of us.

EGBERT.—How's that?

BACON.—He'll be happy some day, but he's waiting for his ship to come in first. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN a woman blondines her hair, it is proper to speak of her as "a self-made blonde." — *Atchison Globe.*

AS A RULE, unseasonable domestic weather follows a wedding of the May and December order. — *Washington Post.*

PEACH COBBLER is the sixteen-year-old girl of the pastry family. — *Atchison Globe.*

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We have in stock and will supply the proper size and proper weight tire for every kind of wheel. Let us send you complete advice regarding the tire best adapted to your needs

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MRS. TAYLOR, who went over Niagara Falls with a barrel, is going to lecture. The gentlemen who get into the United States Senate in the same manner are more reticent. — *Washington Post.*

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We have done everything but the drinking.

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Manhattan, Holland Gin, Martini, Tom Gin, Whiskey, Vermouth, York.

These cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors. They are of a far more uniform quality and more thoroughly mixed than those prepared in a moment as wanted.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same materials and proportions, the one which is aged must be the better.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
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and Hartford, Conn.

THE POOR ARTIST.

Extremes do meet,
And here's one sort:
"T is, "Art is long,"
And artists "short."

— *Catholic Standard and Times.*

In one of the colored school rooms recently, a boy was asked to step up and find the common divisor of a certain sum. "Well, my goodness!" said the boy; "is that thing lost again?" — *Atchison Globe.*

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THE STEIN-BLOCH CO., Wholesale Tailors,
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THE HEALING TOUCH OF TIME.

MRS. DASH.—The idea of Mrs. Rash having Society aspirations! Why, her
father was a huckster!

MR. DASH.—Yes; she's entirely too forward. She ought to hang back
until people have forgotten it. Now, in your case, my dear, it was your grand-
father who was a huckster.—*Detroit Free Press.*

EVERY girl of sixteen, who has had her first call from a young man, won-
ders afterward how many questions the law allows relatives to ask, anyway.—
Atchison Globe.

BILL.—I see this fellow Carnegie is opening some more free libraries.

JILL.—Is n't it silly? If he wants to do some good, why don't he open
up a free bank?—*Yonkers Statesman.*



HIS SPECIALTY.

"Does the dog treat everybody like this?"

"Oh, no! But for peddlers and book-agents, I tell you, he's
better than a sign!"

A MODEL CHILD.

DICKY.—Pa, were you a gooder boy'n me when you were as little as me?

PA.—Yes, indeed, Dicky! I was always a very good boy; but, somehow
or other, I had a great many serious and painful misunderstandings with my
parents.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IN legislative matters the man with a hobby is not in it for a little bit with
the man with a lobby.—*Washington Post.*

A NEWARK man shot his brother-in-law in mistake for a pigeon. The
brother-in-law must have been a bird. The other fellow made a goose of him-
self.—*Norristown Herald.*

"THE man who talks to himself may have a fool for an audience," remarked
the Observer of Events and Things; "but you can't always make the audience
believe it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE manager of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show which will be in Atchison
shortly, has a lithograph showing himself and Abraham Lincoln as the great men
of the present century.—*Atchison Globe.*



Bicycle Playing Cards.

Their playing qualities
most satisfactory; out-
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Highest Award, Buffalo,
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Operates automati-
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Every pipe or cigarette smoker should have
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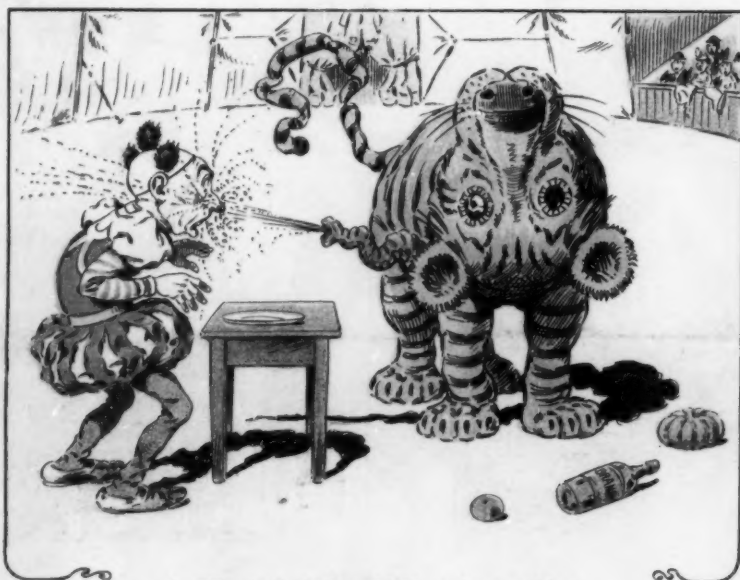
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"—Goah!! ???? !!!—"



THE ELEPHANT.—Hoop, la! Won't go home till morain'! Hooray! An' now,—hic—ladies an'—hic—gents, I think—hic—you will admit that—



"you've all been sold!"

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